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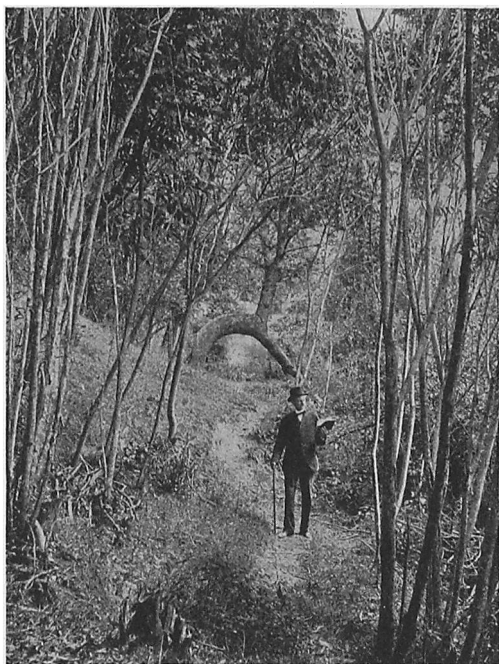
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THE AUTHOR—At Sunnybrook Farm

Out-of-Door Photo Illustrations From "The Image of Man"

An Unpublished Phantasy

By EDWARD BURSELL MOODY

THE accompanying photographs are unique in many ways; not only do they represent scenes of rare natural beauty but an unusual discrimination on the part of an amateur in the selection of the most favorable aspects of nature for purposes pictorial. They are the works of Edward Bursell Moody, clergyman and artist, whose history too is remarkable in that he did not discover his taste and talent for art until after reaching his sixtieth year. Since then he has devoted his time largely to painting with occasional excursions into the realm of art photography, when not engaged in writing upon spiritual and aesthetic themes.

This series of photographs was conceived and executed for the purpose of illustrating a delicate and ethereal phantasy,

"The Image of Man," which Mr. Moody has written, and extracts from which are herewith presented as explaining and interpreting the photographic studies. There is a pervading spirituality about Mr. Moody's work, both in letters and art, that is like "The Faith that goeth not out except through prayer and fasting." We see herein reflected a mind refined through a long lifetime of lofty thoughts and noble deeds to a point where the spirit shines through resplendently.

* * *

THE master of Summerbrook Farm, as he used to be called, was gathered with his guests about a cheerful wood fire one winter evening, when the question arose as to the relation of religion to art.



THE SPIRIT OF ART

"What says our poet?" questioned a young lady guest. "He paints pictures and should know something about it."

But the one whom they credited with being both "poet" and "artist" refused to commit himself without mature thought. The questions raised started him on a little thought-path and part of the result lies before you.

In this little allegory we trace the efforts of Man as a race to regain the lost image of God. Personifications of Man, Nature, Art, Pleasure and Folly, and the Spirit of the Soul of souls all play a part in this drama of Man's psychical history as we conceive it. An outline of the plot is given in the following quotations:

Man, sleeping in Nature's garden, is awakened by the sun and beholds his image in a mirroring pool:

A forehead shaped by intellect; eyes in which gleamed love and hate, vile passions and sweet innocence; a mouth both firm and beau-

"Religion has always opposed art," said the student.

"True religion has never opposed true art," responded the minister.

"Yet we must acknowledge," said the professor, "that art is essentially pagan. It can have no affinity with religion. It is a law unto itself."

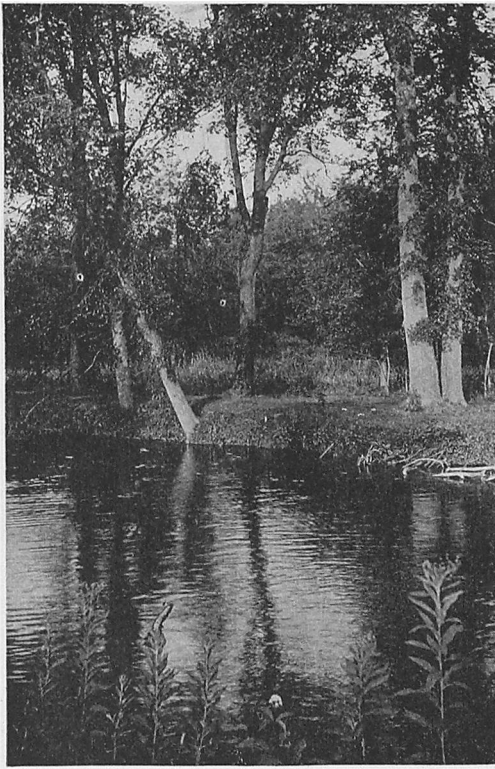
"I would not go as far as that," remarked the minister. "The best in art has always suggested man's religious consciousness."

"For myself," said the hostess, "I never stand before a great painting, or listen to fine music without feeling an awakening of the religious instinct."

"Art takes its color from the age in which it is produced," said the professor. "In a non-religious age its purely earthly, or sensual character, is always to the front."



IN NATURE'S GARDEN



"SHIMMERING SHADOW PICTURES"

tiful, yet bearing lines that Evil must have drawn; a young-old face, wrinkled with thought and seamed with life's experiences, hiding behind its contradictory front all good and evil intents.

This reflected image is not pleasing to Man and he seeks knowledge as to a way of change. He questions the image and is directed by it to Nature.

The experiences of Man under the tutelage of Nature cumulates in a scene of terror. Nature calls the elements to war, and Man is reduced to palled weakness in the face of her resistless power:

Her flowing robes swept back before the breeze outlined the matchless beauty of her form; her azure eyes illumed by mystic light outflashed the sunlit sea; her slender hands above the billows stretched quivered with purposeful intent; her voice like cascade waters tumbling over rocks rang out commandingly—rising, falling, returning, swelling out again, even as the waves heaved to and fro and came

and went beneath their feet, till every beetling crag and lifted mountaintop echoed the music of her deep-toned utterance and all the world seemed filled with wondrous calling tones—calling the elements to war.

Man, humbled by a sense of his impotence, appeals to Nature for aid and is directed by her in a search for the Spirit of Art:

"Is the way long that leads to this great master?"

"Yea, long and difficult."

"How callest thou his name?"

"He is the master spirit of the realm of mind. His name is Art. Though he is given thee, thou hast him not. Until he comes to thee thou wilt not know him. He will not come to thee unless thou seek for him."

"Thou speakest in riddles."

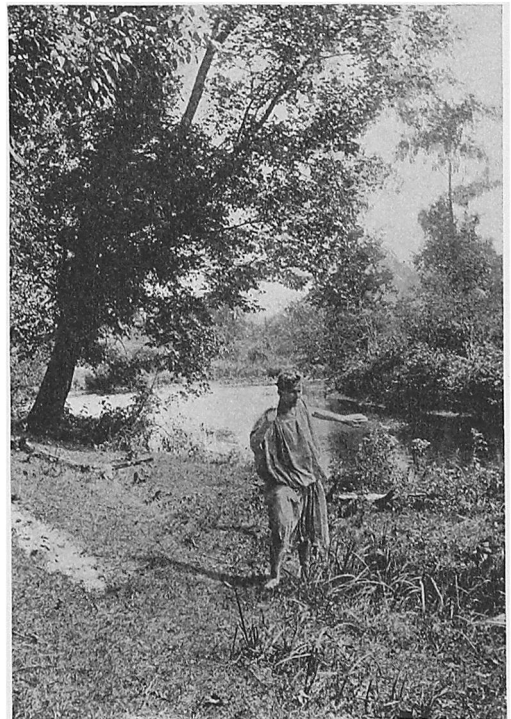
"All things are riddles, and he whom thou shouldst seek is the Supreme Riddle, and the supreme solver of riddles."

"It is not a mortal, but a spirit thou must seek."

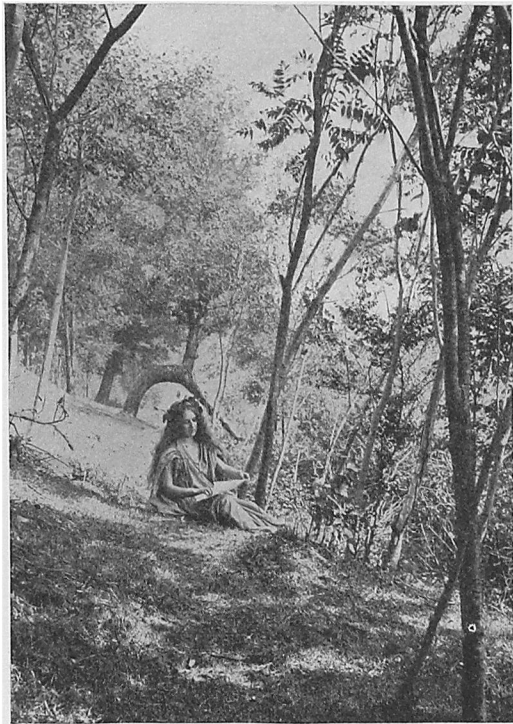
"A spirit, fairest one! How can mortal seek spirit?"

"Art thou not also spirit as well as mortal?"

"So I have sometimes thought."



MAN DISCARDING NATURE



A LITTLE THOUGHT-PATH

"Then with thy human spirit search for this master spirit."

"How shall Man begin this arduous seeking?"

"By drawing nearer to the heart of Nature. Kneel thou at her feet and Nature will prepare thee for the way."

"I gladly kneel to thee, O queen."

"Look deep into my eyes."

"Willingly I lose myself in them."

"Think only of Nature."

"I think of thee alone."

"Look closer."

"I am looking deep into thy heart."

"Think deeper."

"My thoughts grow more and more profound."

* * * * *

A long, deep silence, and in the psychic stillness the heart of Nature and the heart of Man became as one.

"Thou mayest now," she said, "go seek this higher spirit. Nature, as thou hast known her, thou must leave."

The Voice of Art.

To seek by his human spirit a spirit celestial; the master spirit of the realm of Mind;

the warden of the keys of thought; the inspiring genius of the beautiful; the spirit by whose favor his image might be changed—such was Man's task. * * * In the stillness of a windless night, when every twinkling star seemed freighted with some message to his soul, seeing no form, he heard a clear voice say:

"Oh, Man! Before thou canst attain a mastery over Nature, know the one thou seekest, and see thy image changed, thou must add to knowledge skill—that cryptic power by which crude substances are given forms of beauty."

* * * * *

"He who sleeps beneath a fruitful tree must be content with windfalls. The one who climbs the ladder plucks the choicest fruit."

"But may not Art give one the skill to climb?"

"Art is for artists—they who see and feel; they who by ardent toil acquire the skill to shape inspired thought in forms divine."

"Yea, yet by what means, O spirit?"

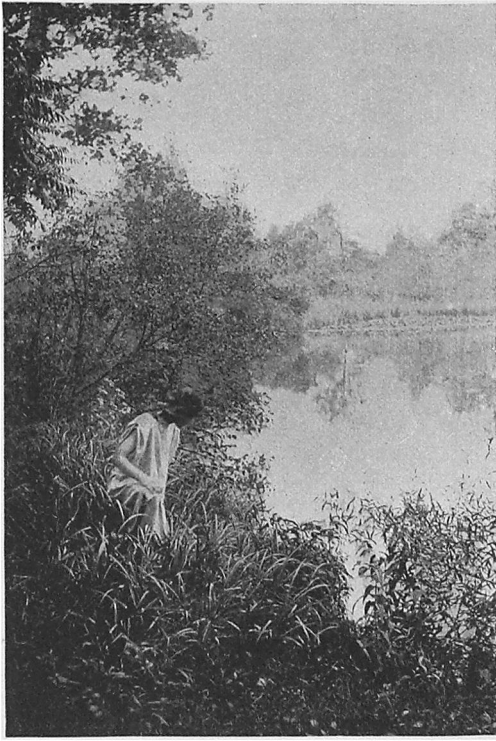
"Love thou the beautiful, for by thy love of beauty may the form of beauty be regained."

"Beauty? What is this beauty Art doth so bepraise?"

"All unsullied Nature hath it. Beauty is Nature's reflection of divinity. When thou canst



PLEASURE AND FOLLY



"HE KNELT BESIDE THE POOL"

comprehend what beauty is thou wilt be half divine; if then thou hast the artist gift to crystallize thy thoughts in beauty's molds of form thy soul, by sympathy with beauty, will reflect divinity and thy image thus be changed."

"Canst thou do naught to help Man in the start?"

"Art may implant a love of beauty in thy breast. But first thine eyes must learn to see what Nature hides from sight of eyes. Thy mind must then instruct itself to track the crooked paths of purpose. If then thy hands have skill to fashion thought and purpose into forms of use and beauty Man may discover for himself the way of change he seeketh."

Man attains vast knowledge and wondrous skill in the arts and sciences, but his image remains unchanged. He returns to Nature's garden and is mocked by the reflection of his image in the mystic pool. Fleeing from Nature he encounters Pleasure and Folly:

Then Man rose up in wrath to flee from Nature, as he had fled in pain and discontent from his own image. But in the path he sought two lovely beings stood; and he, with breath in-

drawn and teeth shut tight upon his passion, must needs give pause.

The nymph that nearest stood—clear-eyed and dark, with locks like raven's wings morn-bathed in light, laughed out at him right merrily. Her sweeping robes of filmy gossamer, like summer clouds sun-dyed at eve, betrayed the beauty of her lithe free limbs. With dancing step and laughing eyes came she to meet him. And as the boughs of trees are swayed by every toying breeze, so moved her witching form. And while he caught his breath and looked, and caught his breath again from admiration, her red lips parted from the pearly teeth to let her voice escape and words came flying forth like singing birds from door of open cage.

"Come, brave knight, of the scowling countenance," she cried. "Come! We would have frolic with thee in this garden fair! It is our wish to see thy sad eyes brighten; thy scarred face, where Care hath wrought her tricks, all smooth again and thy marred image beautified."

"Come!" echoed the second nymph, the sweet-faced, shy-eyed one with curls of brown-gold hair. "Come! We, twin sisters, daughters of our beauteous mother Nature, will cure thy hurt. Live! Live! O Man! Taste from this cup the sweet delights of Pleasure and let Folly blind thy eyes to every vexing thing!"

So spake the star-eyed princess, as, lifting up a crystal chalice, ruddy with beaded wine, she dropped to one knee, entreating him.

"Drink, O Man!" she cried. "Drink of the nectar of forgetfulness distilled in the cup of Pleasure!"

Then Man looked down and drank, and, looking down again he drank again—drank to the dregs the enticing cup of Pleasure. And on the instant his pain of sorrow; the disappointment of his vain endeavor; his long, hard toil; his image, still unchanged, were all forgotten. He flushed and paled, and flushed and paled again. He felt the hot blood bounding in his veins with strength of fevered passion.

"Come, then!" he cried. "Away, dull care! Sufficient to the days that have been is the evil! To Pleasure and Folly pledge I my life henceforth!"

In the closing portions of the book the inevitable results of yielding to the temptations of Folly and the delirium of Pleasure are depicted. Man in the deepest dark of self-abasement moans out his pain in the presence of a night-obscured Nature.

[See page 563.]